

Sample Autobiographical Essay

My name is Jeremy Maggi. I am a teacher at Orange Glen High School in Escondido, California. I am writing an autobiographical essay, a story about an event in my life and how it changed me. I am writing about a scary meeting I had with a rattlesnake when I was younger to show what I learned and to tell how this event was important to me.

It all happened one summer day in 1995 when I was ten years old. At that time, I was living in Valley Center, California with my parents and my brother. Our house was out in the country and there were many wild plants and animals, and I loved to go on walks with my father through the wilderness. On that day, my father, my younger brother, and I were taking a walk in the bushes outside my house. I wanted to lead, so I walked in front, my brother followed me, and my father was in the back. It was a beautiful day when we started walking; the deep blue sky was above us, the sun shined on us from over our heads, and all around you could hear the buzz of insects and the rustle of the wind on the leaves of the beautiful green bushes. I could smell the lovely smell of the summer flowers all around me.

Suddenly, and without warning, my father rushed to the front and pushed me aside. "Hey! What the heck!" I thought. But, just then, I heard a terrible buzz from where I had just been about to step. I looked and I saw a giant, red diamond-back rattlesnake in the path where I had been walking! His rattle was shaking and he was very angry. I could see his tongue flick in and out of his mouth. His narrow eyes looked at me. I felt my heart pounding in my chest. The cold wind blew on my sweating skin. Now I knew why my dad had pushed me.

We sat there for a while because we didn't want the snake to strike and attack us, and the snake stayed there, too, because he was afraid of us also. We called to our neighbor, Ken, who happened to be out, and he came with a shovel to kill the snake. Clang! With one hit he cut off the snake's head. Ken grabbed the snake by the tail and carried it back home, its blood still dripping on the ground. When he got home, he skinned it and ate it up. Yum! Everything turned out all right after all.

Even though it has been many years, this story still stays in my mind. I remember that day a lot, and I am thankful that my dad saved me from being bitten by the snake. I also learned that I should be more careful when I am walking out in the wild and treat animals with respect. That is why this was an important event in my life.